Dear Moo,

4/21/91

While I would have laughed under other circumstances when you said this morning that you folks down there used to say that I could write 20 memos before others were awake, there was a special reason for that laugh. I actually started working this morning at about 3:15. That is a little unusual for several reasons. Most mornings when I awaken I'm a bit tired until the repaired ticker starts working a little better. Not this morning. And it just happened that I found a full file drawer of FBI records I thought I'd read and hadn't. That is what I was doing. But I do, usually, get up early still.

We, especially Lil, are Orioles fans. There is a rain delay and the chatter that replaces it until they start or postpone included some references to sea food, for which Baltimore is justifiably famous. With my mind turning from time to time to your call and what we talked about, the sea food reminded me of the Wednesday night after King was killed and all the assistant DAs were working with pistols or revolvers in anticipation of violence, you took me to a neighborhood bar where you said they had the best crayfish. You were right. And of good food I was reminded recently of your call from the NOAC after Garrison finally saw the light through your and Vince's use of the memo I'd prepared. You said you were taking me to your home for the best Italian meal I'd ever had. I was raised in an Italian neighborhood and as an adult was often in Italian neighborhoods in New York. But you did not exaggerate, it was that good!

We were talking about things Jim could have done if.... I send you my last book with specific reference to one of those real possibilities, even in the Shaw case, had it not been for that utter insanity of quitting the case in Washington, for the rifle and the clothing and things like that to be used almost the minute, perhaps even before, winning. About midnight the night before, Bud Fensterwald had a copy of what was to have been pulled on us by surprise at the hearing later that morning. Knowing he would get it he phoned me and asked me to come in, prepared to stay overnight. He gave me the report of the Clark panel that is the basis for Part II of Post Mortem and I worked on that while he and his partner worked on the law. I had it all marked up for Cyril Wecht to use when he got to town in the early a.m. and he used it effectively. You talked me into going down there after I was so angry I'd cancelled my reservations, I spent that Sunday until about 5 with Oser and Wardell(?), told them I was finished if they proceeded as outlined, and then tried to get the only copy of that report from Bertel. He refused to give it to me. I phoned Jim Alcock and he had Bertel drive to the office where I had stood on the cold for more than an hour on the corner and he did let me have it. I copied and returned it the next morning. I started writing the second part of this book that night and Matt Herron's and continued it in the office, using the old electric typewriter in Tom Bethell's office. First time I'd used an electric and the table was too high but I continued on the book. I never was in the courtroom, never laid eyes on Shaw.

Garrison wanted that stuff from the Archives to use to establish the fact that there had been a conspiracy. The judge had a broad mind and permitted him to take that line. When you read this part of that book, ask yourself if he could have left it without question that there had been a conspiracy and if he had, what the impact would have been.

As we talked this morning about what could have been and wasn't, you asked if I'd write a book about my experiences there. I'd help another but I wouldn't for several reasons the most important to me is what I'd rather do instead. And when I am able I do work on that, not familiar to you. I've not been able to do any real writing, by which I mean including and based on the documents I have, because my lack of mobility and what I did not tell you, my inability to stand still other than momentarily, has effectively denied me access to the files in the basement. When a wealthy friend of years ago was here and learned this, he told me to get a part-time assistant, a student at the local college and I have one who is good. So, I've returned to that book, begun years ago. He pays her

When I told Lil that you had asked about the distance from the airports she hoped that means you will be coming up. We'd both like that. Then would be a good time to do what could substitute for a book, an oral history. We could talk about those times and tape it.

It is, alas, a significant part of our history and it should be honestly and fully recorded for history.

Reading Jim's book when it came out and then about the Oliver Stone movie had brought much of that back to mind recently. And only recently I was reminded of a funny one you may not have known about, so I'll tell you.

Once when I was staying at the 'Bleau Loisel picked me up at the airport and drove me there. On the way he told me that the office had gotten a report there was going to be a "hit" on me. So we sat and used the coffee shop until connecting rooms were ready. I don't remember whether Lynn checked himself or me in as "Anthony Dunn" but they all knew who we were and when the operator rang me she used my correct name. Anyway, one of the rooms faced the courtyard, the other that big, dark emptiness on the I 10 side. So, with fears for my safety, that, naturally, is the room I was given, where I could most easily be hit. I had no such fears . They also wanted to wire my room, I agreed, and George, whose last name I've forgotten, drilled a hole, put a spike mike in, tested it and it worked. Then he started to put an FM mike under the chair. I objected, saying using it would be too obvious. I wanted it in my pocket, he insisted, and I never had any use for it anyway. But with that kind of setup, I thought it would be a good idea to take Barbara Reed away from all the interruptions at her home and not have to take notes or use a tape recorder, for which she might act up a little. I got Ferrie's godson, that fink Morris Brownlee, to babysit her daughter Kelley, took Barbara to supper, and then we just chatted. I made no notes, of course. Then we'd talked outselves out and there still was no phone call. For about 15 minutes. Then Loisel phoned, I pretended he was not in the next room, asked him to come and drive Barbara home for me, and after a lapse of time he knocked on the door. When we got back we went to the other room, where outside was quite a collection of restaurant carts with the debris of a party and there were Louis Ivon, George and perhaps another, perplexed. They were listening to the tape and all they had was gibberish. Having tested the spike mike once they just turned the machine on when they hear us enter my room and never once listened to it. They had a football game on TV!

That was the night I learned about that girl you did not remember, Dione Turner. You met her that crayfish night, only you were late getting to Barbara's. How can you forget so slim a girl who pulled a derringer from between her breasts and a stiletto from her blouse in back?

But preventing that zany commemoration of the 5th anniversary by charging Perrin with being the Grassy Knoll assassin when he'd killed himself 15 months earlier and those tramps who were not tramps at all was perhaps the most trying and at the same time gratifying of what you said you spent half your time on, damage control. I asked you this morning and you and I then talked about other aspects. I've been curious about whether I just blundered into that as I was leaving for home or whether you and Louis, having not been able to persuade Jim, had seen to it that I would know so I could make the effort. Not important, I'm just curious.

Jim did lead a charmed life. I had left New Orleans, was in Dallas and about to go home after being away a month when he phoned and insisted that he had the most important thing yet, I just had to go back. So I did, my baggage was intercepted for the second time when I went to New Orleans and I had to improvise for a couple of days, and his big find was that poor print of the WDSU footage Bill Turner had gotten instead of the copies of 17 stills from it before it was edited that I'd asked you to try to get from Randy Russ's folks in Shreveport. They told you he was in the Bay area and Turner was asked to ask him for them. While Jim was showing that poor print I asked him if he would like to see a clear copy. He was perplexed but said he would. So, I got the print Ed Planer had let me have made from the file copy on the condition that I not give it to Jim and we looked at that. Jim saw Shaw in it when he wasn't and spotted the secret door Shaw used to get into his building. Why he needed a secret door I have no idea but that one was a fire door and it opened only from the inside. If you do not remember that, perhaps you can remember it because Jim then also questioned Charles Hall Steele. After Jim finished I got him to confirm what I'd learned from Jesse Core, to whom Jim never spoke, that

Oswald had also picked up another kid besides him when he picketed the ITM building. That was not the only indication I had of his having other associates not in the official investigation. Jim should have recalled another when he heard Steele say what he said, that the fingerprints on the leaflet when Oswald picketed the carrier Wasp were not Oswald's. I think Oswald had a special purpose in mind when he picketed that ship - that he'd been on it as a Marine.

There were so many seemingly small things that had the potential of being significant that were below Jim, not worth his time.

And so much to remember, not only damage control

I'll tell you one more story and then knock it off. When he, Von and someone else heard me say I was leaving John Giorg (?)'s hideaway (yes, I knew he was an FBI informer) and moving into Marge Kirkpatrick's slave quarters, they thought I was crazy because her son Godfrey had left the mental hospital at Mandeville supposedly to kill Jim. This girl Dione had told me she knew him. So, I took her to Marge's and I taped their conversation. She asked Marge when she had moved the furniture around and was absolutely correct in telling her where what had been before she moved it. But Marge did not recognize her. That trip that Chevvy II souped-up by the gangster from whom the police took it had locked in low gear and J.B.Vela had loaned me a small Fiat sedan. So, with Marge's permission I planned to drive up to Jackson, which you remembered in part, to speak to him. Dione said she'd like to go so I took her. There was no sign of recognition from Godfrey, who appeared to be quite rational but without recollection of what he should have remembered. Just before lunch time he told me they had to take a nap after lunch so I should delay returning after we had lunch. I asked him if he'd like me to bring him anything. He said yes, a malted milk. Dione said "chocolate" and he said "Right." I asked Marge about this and she said he loved them and would only get a chocolate of all flavors. Dione had also told me that the pistol he had when he left Mandeville was a Walther PPK. When Marge showed me that pistol, that is what it was, a Walther PPK. (I told you this morning that she had told me the truth about Philip Geraci III and what that led me to.)

I also remembered this morning that one night at the MOAC I got after Jim so vigorously I expected you to jump me. It was over part of that, and I hope it was Boxley, not you or one of the others. There was another kid in that group, as I recall a Nonduran, and he had been interviewed to undermine any belief in anything she said. She certainly was an accomplished and unabashed liar but she also told me much that checked out, and Philip surely was one who did. How she knew what she did about other things is still a mystery to me. She was a narcfink and she caught me checking that when she came out of Clarence Giarrusso's basement office just as I'd spotted her Honda scooter there. She even knew when I'd not be home and hadn't told her and she'd then phone Lil. She got hung up on Lil and we still have some Xmas-tree ornaments she made and sent her. Last time we heard from her she was just out of jail in Houston. She also wrote from inside that jail.

Mysteries and many other things to remember!

We do hope you can come up for a visit. Please give my best wishes to the others of those days you see.

Sincerely,

Harold